

## Poetry.

### THE BUTTERFLIES' FAD.

I happened one night in my travels  
To stray into Butterfly Vale,  
Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies  
With wings that were wide as a sail.  
They lived in such houses of grandeur—  
Their days were successions of joys :  
And the very last fad these butterflies had  
Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages  
Pinned up on their walls. When I said  
'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that plight,  
I was answered, "Oh ! well, they are dead.  
We catch them alive, but we kill them  
With ether, a very nice way :  
Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow,  
And his eyes such a beautiful gray.

"Then here is a droll little darkey  
As black as the clay at your feet.  
He sets off that blonde, that is pinned just beyond,  
In a way most artistic and neat :  
And now let me show you the latest,  
A specimen really select,  
A boy with a head that is carrotty red  
And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him,  
Those spots bar him out of each class ;  
We think him a treasure to study at leisure  
And analyze under a glass."  
I seemed to grow cold as I listened  
To the words that these butterflies spoke.  
With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb,  
And then, with a start—I awoke !  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## Contributions.

### THE OLD ORDER A. M.

D. C. MOOMAW.

The "Old Order" A. M., which convened in this county on May 30, was in many respects an eminent success. The arrangements for entertaining the multitude were ample, comfortable, satisfactory, and free. Although the attendance ran up into the thousands in excess of the expectations of the brethren, none went away hungry, thirsty, or unprovided with lodging.

The congregations seemed to be fairly represented by messengers and the lay visitors from abroad numbered hundreds. Ohio, especially, gave evidence of the devotion of the peculiar people to the doctrines of the ancient brethren, by large delegations of quaintly dressed brethren and sisters.

Men of patriarchal appearance and dignity, and mothers in Israel, young men and maidens, all attired in the absolute costumes of long past generations made an interesting spectacle. Their dress was the nearest approach to absolute uniformity that I ever saw, and it suggested the thought that, had the Creator followed that idea in the creation, the material

world would be painfully monotonous. Infinite variety characterizes all created things and the lesson should not be lost on us. There is absolutely no compromising with what they deem to be sinful in dress, and, in their theology, all current styles are sinful *per. se*.

It is certainly heroic to face the hot scorn of disbelievers in that part of their creed. With unblanched faces they look into the glittering, pitiless eyes of heartless criticism and grow stronger as the storm rages around them. They have been taught from infancy that the dress of generations long since gone are co-equal factors with the word of God in the salvation of the world, just as Catholics are taught the ritual of their church from their childhood, and the Amish and Quakers their peculiar theology, and it has become a conviction for which they would willingly die if destiny so decreed. The intellectual calibre of many of the preachers in attendance was far above the conception of our people. Discrediting higher education as they do, it was concluded that theirs would be a feeble ministry, but ability of a higher order is seldom seen than some of them manifested. Among their lay members also there were many who would adorn any circle, social or religious.

The administration of the business of the conference proper was conducted with tact and fidelity to the traditions of the church and to the rules that govern deliberate bodies. None but the mature in years took part in the discussion, and it was plain to be seen that the "smart" young fledglings were relegated to the back seats.

Brethren don't fetter the minds nor repress the laudable aspirations and zeal of your young Timothy's. There were conspicuous vacancies where questions relating to the "order" were want to have their place. They have decided that question for all coming time and their elders consistently execute the *fixed* decrees impartially, on all who do not conform. Our Conservative brethren will note the lesson and profit thereby.

We had the rare pleasure of entertaining some delightful people at our house during the meeting. Among them were grand children of the patriarch of the Boletown congregation of Virginia, where I was born and grew to manhood, late elder Peter Nead. This was an especial pleasure to me as I was a school-mate and friend of their uncle Daniel, long since deceased, one of the most brilliant lawyers of his generation.

The editor of the "Vindicator," Brother Pifer gave us the compliment of acceptance of our hospitality and he proved

a most genial and appreciative guest. I can assure the readers of the "Vindicator" that the ancient usages have a safe champion with him at the editorial desk.

Brother Kinzie and his spouse, of Kinzie, Ohio, sisters Wenrick, Yount Piffer, Crist Markes and wife, representatives of the Eby family, and others whose names I cannot recall were sheltered under our roof tree, and gave us real pleasure in entertaining them.

The impressions left on our country by the meeting will not be erased while this generation lives. Most favorable comments were heard from all parties and those who have been calculating on the early demise of the "old order" organization might as well postpone arrangements for the obsequies, indefinitely. They have an important mission to perform in the economy of grace and irrepressible destiny will preserve them for its execution. A recognition on their part, of the eligibility of their coadjutors in the defence of the *Apostles' doctrines* to salvation would increase their spiritual joys. All who can stand the test of the book of God are brethren and are entitled to Christian charity and love. When we see the scores of sects, small and great, each claiming that salvation is limited to them, we feel like withholding judgment of others till the fiat of the last day determines our destiny.

The marks of identity between these brethren and the church of fifty years ago was so striking that none could be misled, and if an exact copy of the church of that remote period, in external appearance, is essential to salvation, they will depart in peace when the death angel calls. On Tuesday evening the great assemblage adjourned sine die. The next meeting for many of us will be before the great white throne when we shall be judged by the Infinite God according to the deeds done in the body. May we be ready when the summons comes.

### THE THING WORTH SAYING.

A little group of people were discussing the character of an acquaintance, writes Margaret Sangster. Harsh and unfair things had been said in plenty.

Among the number was one to whom God had given rare grace, tact, sweetness, and a dower of beauty. She had not spoken at all, but in a lull of the conversation she now said :

"I always think when—is mentioned, of such a kind, unselfish thing he once did for me ; a thing that cost him money, and time, and pains. I shall never forget how this act of his encouraged me when I had a great deal in my life that was depressing. He could so easily have been indifferent, but instead he was eager to serve me, and to do so cost him self-denial."

After this there was a hush. On her lips had been the law of kindness.